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Words of the Corpse-Watcher to his Comrade.

Gone is each saddened face and tearful eye,
Of mother, brother, and of sisters fair;
Like the low falling wind their footsteps die,
Through the whispering hall and up the rustling stair.
In yonder room the newly dead doth sleep,
Begin we now, my friend, our watch to keep!
And now both feed the fire and trim the lamp,
Pass cheerily, if we can, the slow paced hours;
For all without is cold, and drear, and damp,
And the wide air with storm and darkness lowers.
Pass cheerily, if we may, the livelong night,
Putting pale phantoms, paler sleep, to flight.
We will not talk of death, of fall and knell—
Leave that the mirth of brighter hours to check—
But tales of life, love, beauty, let us tell,
Or of stern battle, sea, and stormy wreck:
Call up the visions gay of other days—
Our boyhood freaks, our careless, youthful ways.
Hark to the distant bell! an hour is gone!
Unlatch the parlor door and bring the light;
Our brief but solemn duty must be done—
To dip the cloth, and stay Death's hastening blight,
To bare the ghastly face, and dip the cloth
That hides a mortal, "crushed before the moth."
The bathing liquid scents the chilly room;
Of spectral white are shroud and veiling lace,
On yonder sideboard in the fearful gloom;
Take off the stiffer from the sleeper's face!
Heaven! did you speak, my friend, of ghastly eye!
Ah, what a vision of beauty here doth lie!
Never hath art, from purest wax or stone,
So fair and image, and so lustrous, wrought
It is as if a beam from heaven had shown
A weary angel in sweet slumber caught!
The smiling lip, the slightly tinted cheek—
And all so calm, so saint-like and so meek!
They sing of beauty in the silver moon,
And beauty in the pencilled, drooping flower;
They tell of flushing eye and luring tone,
In radiant Hope's and rosy Health's gay hour;
But where is beauty, in this rounded world
Like death upon a maiden's lip, impearled!
Veil thou the dead! close to the open door!
Perhaps the spirit, ere it soar above,
Would watch its clay alone, and hover o'er
The face it once did kindly love:
Commune we hence, O friend, this wakeful night,
Of Death made lovely by this blessed sight!
H. W. P.

Perfection of Nature.

Upon examining the edge of the sharpest razor or lancet with a microscope, it will appear fully as broad as the back of a knife—rough, uneven and full of notches and furrows. An exceedingly small needle resembles an iron bar; but the sting of a bee seen through the same instrument exhibits every where the most beautiful polish, without the least flaw, blemish or inequality, and it ends in a point too fine to be discerned. The threads of a fine lawn seem coarser than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors. But a silk-worm's web appears perfectly smooth and shining, and every where equal. The smallest dot that is made with the pen appears irregular and uneven. But the little specks on the wings or bodies of insects are found to be the most accurately circular. How magnificent is the system of Nature!

Sympathies of Sound.

It is owing to the sympathetic communication of vibrations, says Herschel, that persons with clear and powerful voice, have been able to break a large tumbler glass, by singing close to its proper fundamental note. We have heard of a case where a person broke no fewer than twelve large glasses in succession. The sympathy of vibrations, or tendency of one vibrating body to throw another into the very same state of vibration, shows itself remarkable in the case of the running of two clocks fixed to the same shelf or wall. It was known near a century ago, that two clocks set going on the same shelf will affect each other. The pendulum of the one will stop that of the other, and the pendulum of the clock which is stopped, after a certain time will resume its vibrations, and, in its turn, stop that of the other clock. Mr. John Ellicott, who first observed these effects, noticed that two clocks which varied from each other ninety-six seconds a day agreed, to a second, several days when they were placed on the same rail. The lowest of these two clocks, which had a slower pendulum set the other in motion in sixteen minutes and a half. These effects are clearly produced by the small vibration communicated from one pendulum to the other, through the shelf, or rail or plank on which they both rest. It has been found that two conflicting sounds produce silence, as two converging rays of light produce darkness.

From the Miner's Journal.

Queen Victoria and her Ancestors.

Guelph is the name of the family that has occupied the British Throne since 1713, a period of 136 years. Victoria, who is now thirty years of age, of a remarkable youthful appearance, of pleasing and affable manners, distinguished for all the virtues which adorn a lady, a wife and mother, is the Grand-daughter of George III. Her father, Edward Guelph, Duke of Kent, died January 23d, 1820, a few months after her birth, and six days before the death of George III. Her husband, Prince Albert of Saxe Gotha, very nearly of her own age, possesses a handsome person and a fine address, and speaks the English language in great purity, and is distinguished for his social and domestic virtues. No man in Great Britain is more universally popular. Her eldest son, Prince of Wales, and heir apparent to the Throne, is about eight years old. Twelve years since, she as a sovereign succeeded her Uncle William, who died June 20th, 1837.

William IV. reigned 7 years. Consequently he ascended the Throne in 1830, upon the death of his brother George. His widow, Adelaide, the Queen-dowager, is still living, and receives from government a yearly income of \$500,000.

George IV. reigned 10 years, from the death of his father, George III. in 1830.

George III. reigned 60 years from the year 1760, succeeding his Grand-father George II. His father Frederick, Prince of Wales, died several years before.

George II. filled the throne 33 years from 1727. He was the son of George I. Both he and his father were born and educated in Germany.

George (Guelph) I. reigned 13 years from 1714 when Queen Anne, the last of the Stuarts, expired in the twelfth year of her distinguished reign. He could not speak the English language. He was the Grand-son of James I.

James (Stuart) I. in whose reign the translation of the Bible now in general use was made, was crowned in 1603. He was the first English King of the family of Stuart. In 1702, one hundred years after, wanting one year, the last sovereign of that family ascended the Throne. James I. was the Great Great Grand-son of Henry VII, the first monarch of the Tudor family.

Henry (Tudor) VII. began to reign in 1485, seven years before the discovery of America, and one generation before the Reformation. He built at his own expense, the first ship of the British Navy, and called it—The Great Harry. This is the beginning of the greatest naval power ever known. From Henry VII. to Victoria are twelve generations, as follows: Henry (Tudor) VII., Margaret Queen of Scotland, James V. of Scotland, Mary Queen of Scots, (beheaded,) James (Stuart) I. of England VI. of Scotland, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Sophia, George (Guelph) I. George II. Frederick Prince of Wales, George III. Edward Duke of Kent, Victoria.

From the death of Henry VII. in 1509, to the death of Queen Anne, a space of 205 years, no ancestor of Queen Victoria was on the Throne of England, except James I.

Queen Victoria is a descendant of Henry II. who through his mother was a descendant of Egbert, the first King of England, crowned in 827. All her ancestors through this period of more than a thousand years have a place in history. E. D. S.

"Well, dad, what's getting married second time seem like? "Seem like! why its like swapping yourself away, giving boot and getting darned cheated." "I thought, old boss, when I saw you digging out of the front door the other day, that the 'boot was on the other leg."

Lize Eyes-Pies.

Of all the girls below the skies,
Give me Lize—O, give me Lize!
She has cherry lips and coal black eyes,
And then she's some on berry pies—
Give me Lize!
Eyes!!!
Pies!!!
It is for her I daily sighs—
To gain her love I nightly tries—
For her, I swan, I almost dies,
While constantly I cries,
And sighs—
Give me Lize!
And berry pies!

"Sambo, can you tell me dis couundrum—if de debil was to hab him tail cut off, whar would he git anudder?"
"I gins dat up."
"Well, for sartain, he go whar bad spirits are re-tailed."
"Jack, why is cream so dear?"
"Oh, because milk is so high that very little can get to the top of it."

"A good story is told of a city belle who lately visited a country relative for the purpose of spending a few weeks recruiting health.

Accompanying her cousin to the barn yard, in her domestic errand of pailing the cows, her eyes rolled with astonishment as she saw her cousin seat herself and tug at the cows nipples. "Why is that the way they do it?" said the beauty—"I thought they took hold of the cows tail, and pumped the milk out of her."
What's she got that very long tail for!

Chased by a Catamount.

A THRILLING SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A PIONEER.

I was once told a thrilling adventure of the first settler in Paris, Maine, with a catamount. Although I cannot relate it with that lively effect with which it was told me, still I have embodied the facts in this sketch.

I had been on a hunting excursion, and as I was returning, I fell in with that oft-described personage, "the oldest inhabitant." He kindly accosted me, and I gladly entered into conversation with him.

"Young man," said he, "when I first visited this town, there were only three families living in it. You, who now live in ease, can never know the hardships and perilous scenes through which the earlier settlers passed. Come with me," he continued, "and I will show you the exact spot on which the first hut ever erected in this town was located."

I followed silently, until the old man reached the bottom of the west side of Paris Hill.

"There," said he, "on this spot was erected the hut. I shall never forget the first time I visited it, and the story I was told."

"What was it?" I asked.

"I will tell you. When the first settler moved here, his nearest neighbor lived twenty miles distant, in the present town of Rumford, and the only road between the two neighbors was a path that he had cut through the woods himself, so that in case of want or sickness, he might get assistance. One spring, I think it was the third season after he had settled here, he was obliged to go to Rumford after provisions. He arose early one morning, and started for his nearest neighbor. People of the present day would think it hard to make a journey of twenty miles for a bag of potatoes, and on foot too; but such was the errand of the first settler. He arrived before noon, was successful in getting his potatoes, got some refreshments, and started for home. But it was not very easy to travel with a load of potatoes; and, finally, at sundown he threw off his load, and resolved to make a shelter, and spend the night. I have been with him to the exact locality of it; it was situated just the other side of the stream on which are mills, in the village now known as Pinhook in Woodstock. He built a shelter, struck a fire, and took out of his pack a piece of meat to roast. Ah; young man," continued the narrator, "you little know with what relish a man eats his food in the woods! but as I was saying he commenced roasting his meat, when he was startled by a cry so shrill that he knew at once it could come from nothing but a catamount. I will now relate it to you as near as I can in the language of the old settler himself:

"I listened a moment," said he, "and it was repeated even louder, and it seemed nearer than before. My first thought was for my own safety. But what was I to do? It was at least ten miles to my home, and there was not a single human being nearer than that to me. I first thought of self-defence; but I had nothing to defend myself with. In a moment I concluded to start for home, for I knew the nature of the catamount too well to think I should stand the least chance of escape, if I remained in the camp. I knew, too, that he would ransack my camp, and I hoped that the meat which I left behind might satisfy his appetite, so that he would not follow me after eating it."

"I had not proceeded more than half a mile before I knew by the shrieks of the animal that he was in sight of the camp. I doubled my speed, content that the beast should have my supper; although I declare that I would not have run if I had had my trusty rifle with me. But there could be no cowardice in my running from an infuriated catamount, doubly furious, probably, by being hungry, and I with nothing that could be called a weapon, save a pocket knife.

"I had proceeded, probably, about two-thirds of the distance home, and hearing nothing more of my fearful enemy, I began to slacken my pace, and thought I had nothing to fear. I had left behind two pounds of meat, beef and pork, which I hoped had satisfied the ferocious monster. Just as I had come to the conclusion that I would run no more, and was looking back, astonished almost at the distance I had travelled in so short space of time, I was electrified with horror to hear the animal shriek again.

"I then knew my worst fears were realized. The beast had undoubtedly entered the camp, and ate what he could find, and then had scented my track and followed after me. It was about three miles to my log cabin, and it had already become dark. I doubled my speed; but I felt that I must die. And such a death! The recollection of that feeling comes to my mind as vividly as though I knew the animal was now pursuing me. But I am no coward, though to be torn in pieces, and almost eaten alive by a wild beast, was horrible!

"I calmly unbuttoned my frock, with the determination to throw it off before the beast should approach me, hoping thereby to gain advantage of him by the time he would loose in tearing it to pieces.

"Another shriek, and I tossed the garment behind me in the path. Not more than five minutes elapsed before I heard a shrill cry as he came to it. How that shriek electrified me! I bounded like a deer. But in a moment the animal made another cry, which told me plainly that the garment had only expiated him to a fiercer chase.

"Oh God!" said I, "and must I die thus! I can, I must live for my wife and children, and I ran even faster than I had done before, and unbuttoning my waistcoat, I dropped it in the path as I proceeded. The thoughts of my wife and children urged me to desperate speed, for I thought more of their unprotected state than the death I was threatened with, for, should I die, what would become of them?"

In a moment, the whole contents of my life

crowded to my brain. The hot blood coursed through my veins with a torrent's force! The catamount shrieked louder and louder, and as fast as I was running, he was rapidly approaching me. Nearer and nearer he came, until I fancied I could hear his bounds. At last I came to the brook which you see yonder, and it was double the size which it is now, for it was swollen by recent freshets, and I longed to cool my fevered brain in it; but I knew that would be as certain death to me as to die by the claws of the beast. With three bounds I gained the opposite bank, and then I could clearly see a light in my log cabin which was not more than one hundred rods distant.

"I had not proceeded but a short distance, before I heard the plunge of the catamount behind me. I leaped with more than human energy, for it was now life or death. In a moment the catamount gave another wild shriek, as though he was afraid he should lose his prey. At the same instant, I yelled at the top of my lungs to my wife. In a moment I saw her approach the door with a light.

"With what vividness that moment comes back to my mind. The catamount was not so far from me as I was from the house. I dropped my hat, the only thing I could leave to stay the progress of the beast. The next moment I fell prostrate in my own cabin."

Here the old settler paused and wiped the big drops from his brow, ere he continued:
"How long I lay there I felt, I know not; but when I was restored to consciousness, I was lying on my rude couch, and my wife was bathing my head with cold water, and my children were gazing anxiously at me. My wife told me that as soon as I fell she immediately shut the door and barred it, for she knew that I was pursued, but by whom and what she knew not, and that as soon as I had fallen and the door was closed, a fearful spring was made upon it; but the door was strong and well-barred, and withstood the spring of the beast.

"As soon as I fully recovered, I knelt and offered the most fervent prayer to the Almighty that ever passed my lips, or ever will again.—My family and myself shortly retired, but no sleep visited me that night. In the morning, when my little son, six years old, told me that he saw the eyes of the cat looking in at the window in the night, I knew the catamount had been watching to gain admittance; but our windows, you will perceive, are not large enough to permit a catamount to enter.

"When I looked into the glass the next morning, I was horror-struck at my altered appearance. My hair, which was the day before as black as midnight, was changed to the snowy whiteness you now see; and although I have enjoyed very good health since, I shall never recover from the effect of the fright I experienced on being chased by a catamount."

The Lawyer vs. the Fool.

Deacon Frost, a wealthy drover residing in K., one of the most beautiful and flourishing towns in the Granite State, was taking a large number of selected heaves to the Boston market. It chanced that on the way thither, several of the stock belonging to Christopher Grant, an extensive farmer residing in an adjoining town, accidentally strayed among the drove of deacon F. The good Deacon, of course, not noticing the addition to his herd, could not be expected to separate them, and in time, all, including those belonging to friend Grant, were duly disposed of, (if not according to law, certainly according to his custom,) and the proceeds safely deposited in the pocket of the worthy Deacon.

It so happened, however, that Bill Dykes, (better known as "The Fool,") saw the cattle as they passed, and recognized those of Grant. "Bill," said Mr. G., "are you sure it was my cows you saw in Deacon Frost's drove?"
"Sure?" said Bill, "wal now I guess I are; I know old Brindle and Lopped-horn jest as easy as nothing—han't I driv 'em out of our cobbages more times than their pesky necks are worth, any how?"

When Deacon Frost returned home he was politely waited upon by Mr. Grant, and requested to fork over a fair amount of the needful for the missing cows, which he has politely declined to do. The result was that Counsellor Doney's services were invoked. The Fool was the chief witness; and Counsellor Grey of Mass., a man of some celebrity in his profession, was retained to defend the suit. The trial came on—Dykes was placed on the witness stand. Counsellor Grey interposed an objection to the witness being sworn, on the ground of incapacity, and proceeded to state to the court that the witness was a perfect non compos mentis, in other words, a fool, and well known to be so by every body in that vicinity that he had no definite or fixed idea, either regarding himself or respecting any thing else; that he could not give an intelligent answer to the most simple question, and says Counsellor Grey, with emphasis, "I do not believe he can tell you who made him. If your Honor please, I will put that question to him, that the jury may have an opportunity to see what a perfect imbecile he is."

Counsellor G.—"William, look up! Tell us, William, who made you?"

The fool, screwing his face, and looking thoughtful, and somewhat bewildered, answered: "M-o-s-e-s, I s-p-o-s-e."
"That will do. Now," says Counsellor G., addressing the court, "the witness says he s-u-p-p-o-s-e-s M-o-s-e-s made him. This is certainly a more intelligent answer than I supposed him capable of giving, for it shows that he has some faint idea of the Scriptures. But I submit that it is not sufficient to justify his being sworn as a witness in the case. No, sir, it is not such an answer as a witness qualified to testify, would give."
"Mr. Judge," says the fool, may I ax the

lawyer a question?"
"Certainly," says the Judge, "ask him any question you please."

"W-a-l-l, then, Mr. Lawyer, w-h-o'd you s-p-o-s-e made you?"

Counsellor G., imitating the witness, "A-a-r-o-n, I s-p-o-s-e."
After the laughter had somewhat subsided, the witness continued, "W-a-l-l, now we do read in the Good Book, that Aaron once made a c-a-l-f, but who'd thought the critter had got in here!"

Description of the Savior.

Letter of Publius Lentulus, President of Judea, in the Day of the Emperor Tiberius Cæsar, to the Senate of Rome, concerning Jesus Christ.

"There appeared in these our days a man of great virtue named Jesus Christ, who is yet living among us, and of the Gentiles, is accepted as the prophet of truth, but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead and cureth all manner of diseases; a man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a reverend countenance, such as the beholders may both love and fear: his hair the color of a chestnut fully ripe, plain to the ears, hence downward it is more orient, curling and waving about his shoulders; in the middle of his head is a seam or parturition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazaries; his forehead plain and very delicate; his face without a spot, or wrinkle, beautified with a lovely red; his nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be reprehended; his beard thickish, in color like his hair, not very long but forked; his look innocent and mature, his eyes grey, clear and quick; in reproving, he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous and fair spoken; pleasant in conversation mixed with gravity; it cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep; in proportion of body most excellent; his hands and arms, most delectable to behold; in speaking, very temperate, modest and wise; a man for his singular beauty surpassing the children of men."

They have a new way of hatching chickens in the west, by which they have a single maternal Fowl made to do the duty of a hundred. They fill a barrel with eggs and place a hen on the bung-hole.

The Science of Psychology.

The cultivators of this new science, says the New York Day Book, are constantly bringing curious things to light: One of the most novel of these is termed Psychometry, which seems to be the art or science of measuring souls. It is managed in this fashion: You must first find what is termed an impressible person. There are persons of so delicately susceptible a nervous organization as to be powerfully affected by very slight influences. Professor BUCHANAN, of the Ohio Eclectic Medical College, at one of his medical lectures, distributed to his class little packages, containing different medicines carefully put up in two or three envelopes. These papers, impervious to ordinary senses, the students were requested to hold in their hands. At the end of twenty or thirty minutes some twenty of the class were found to have received a distinct impression as to the nature of the medicine in their hands. Opium, cathartics and emetics not only made an impression which conveyed an idea of their taste, but produced nausea, and other characteristic effects. This was one of several tests of impressibility.

When a person is found to be easily impressed, that is, to have the power of receiving ideas of the qualities of things by other than the usual medicines, other and far more curious experiments may be proceeded with. Take a letter, folded and sealed in its envelope, and place it in the hands of such a person, and in a few moments he will have a clear conception of the contents of the letter, the feelings of the writer, his character, pursuits, personal appearance, and so on. It seems like a veritable reading or measuring of the soul. These experiments are tried daily, in this city, and over the whole country, and the results are of a very curious and interesting character. They are tried in private, by philosophers who are seeking after the truth; and not with any view to publicity or speculation, and it is only by accident that we have become apprised of the existence of such phenomena; but the few experiments we have seen are quite conclusive as to the existence and exercise of such a faculty, however the philosophers may account for it. Persons whom we know intimately, who are thousands of miles away, some on land and some at sea, have been accurately described to us, and their characters, feelings and motives laid open, by a person who knew nothing of them, simply by holding in the hand a closely enveloped letter.

This looks wondrously like necromancy—but all that is past. Two hundred years ago, witchcraft was a terrible reality, for the people were hanged for it—but now witchcraft is science.—There are no longer any mysteries or miracles.—We are learning more of Nature's laws, and do not find so many exceptions as we thought. Within the material world, there rises up a spiritual, with its own peculiar laws and phenomena, and these we are just beginning to investigate. Those who have any curiosity to explore these seeming mysteries further, will find them very ably discussed in the Journal of Man, a monthly, edited by Dr. BUCHANAN, of Cincinnati.

The wife of Hon. Lewis C. Levin, M. C. from Pennsylvania, is figuring quite largely in a curious trial now in progress at Baltimore. Mrs. L. is charged with a violent assault upon a young man named Fite, the son of a wealthy merchant. The assault was committed on a public road leading from the city. Fite, riding in a buggy, passed the carriage of Mrs. Levin and looked in—expecting, as he says, to see one of the family with whom he was acquainted; but failing to recognise who was within, he drew up and allowed the carriage to pass again. Mrs. Levin, immediately, taking his conduct as an insult, ordered her footman to seize the young man, which he did, and held him while she cow-hided him.
The jury have rendered a verdict in the above case of \$30 fine, and costs; and a fine of \$10 on the servant who held Fite's horse.